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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

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U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

MR. DULLES' REPLACEMENT

THE HARSH EXTENSION of illness that has forced the resignation of John Foster Dulles is properly acknowledged as more than a personal tragedy. It removes from the high office of Secretary of State the man who has done most to determine the foreign policies of the Western allies, and at a time when high-level negotiations seem to offer the best means of dampening the combustible Berlin situation.

It is paradoxical that not only Mr. Dulles' admirers but some of his most frequent and incisive critics now regret his departure and pay honor to his undoubted virtues. But it is a paradox that is easily resolved. Since January, 1953, when he assumed the office of Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles has been the architect of the United States' foreign policy. Basing this firmly on the foundations of his predecessor, Mr. Dulles attempted, from the beginning, to sidetrack the Congressional criticism which so handicapped other Secretaries. But to shunt aside all serious criticism is impossible for any modern Secretary of State and Mr. Dulles had his share. His attitude was termed inflexible, particular decisions he made were found short-sighted and arrogant, and even his lexicon was seen as a form of the "brinkmanship" he was said to practice.

In recent months Mr. Dulles showed a tendency to rethink some U.S. positions, to reformulate some policies, to become more flexible. Nevertheless, were he to have remained in office he would undoubtedly have been subjected to the same barrage of criticism. Now, however, all critics, sympathetic or otherwise, must wait for time to lend that perspective which alone will allow a comprehensive judgment of John Foster Dulles and his accomplishments.

The problems which were Mr. Dulles' have now fallen upon President Eisenhower, of course, and on the new Secretary of State, Christian A. Herter. However unchanged its goals and intentions, our foreign policy will inevitably undergo a recognizable change in form. It is not given to many people to strive for and depend upon the personal diplomacy which was the forte of Mr. Dulles. And neither training nor temperament, apparently, inclines Mr. Herter to develop this precedent. Furthermore, it will take time before he will be able to act independently, and he may never achieve the status of Mr. Dulles, in whom the President had full confidence.

BUT THE INABILITY to dominate the Department of State, to relieve President Eisenhower of many important decisions, to negotiate personally with foreign diplomats around the world—all this may work to Mr. Herter's advantage. For he has recently worked with top-level assistants in the State Department and he has the respect of Congress. If he is correctly characterized as a man who is better at choosing between alternative courses of action rather than at devising a single one, he may be the kind of person who will be most helpful at this juncture in world affairs.

The decisions in which he must participate are as great as any Mr. Dulles was forced to make. The Russian pressure upon Berlin threatens not only allied unity but the security of Western Europe. The questions of disarmament and of nuclear test bans for Russia and for the Western powers are again being hammered out. Relations with the countries of Latin America, though improving, are still uncertain, and U.S. reaction to the Cuban revolution shows that some of the uncertainty is ours. Although the Tibet revolt and the flight of the Dalai Lama have damaged Communist China's reputation with Asian countries, China increases in

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strength and independence. And the Middle East can still be described as a tinderbox.

These are the areas where crises exist and they extend around the globe. If there is to be, finally, a summit meeting, the United States and her allies must approach the discussion table with hard proposals and positive suggestions. There is, of course, no question of appeasement. The large purposes of our foreign policy are not presently a subject for debate. Opposition to the spread of Communism and skepticism of unguaranteed proposals are the assumed bases of negotiation. But the means by which our interests are asserted without risking a final holocaust are yet to be worked out. The President and Mr. Herter will need all the assistance that the State Department and Congress can provide as they prepare for a summit meeting.

PACIFISTS IN PRISON

BY AN ODD sort of coincidence, stories about the jailing of former Air Force Major Claude Eatherly and the Catholic Worker's Dorothy Day recently appeared in the New York papers within the same ten-day period. In each case, the individual concerned had been in jail several times before; in each case problems of conscience were involved; in each case, the question at issue was moral responsibility, collective or individual, for U.S. thermonuclear policies.

The Eatherly story is, even if often reported, a tragic one. On the first United States atomic bomb mission, Major Eatherly flew the B-29 bomber that was sent over Japan in search of a target. Finding clear weather over Hiroshima, he then returned to guide in the plane that actually delivered the A-bomb. Since then, Mr. Eatherly has never been the same. Blaming himself for the atomic death of one hundred thousand Japanese, he has been in and out of jails and V.A. mental hospitals, and the newest charge against him, that of robbing a drive-in grocery, has been dismissed only on condition that he reurn to a V.A. hospital for further treatment. Mr. Eatherly, it seems quite clear, has taken on his own shoulders guilt that a whole nation should find hard to bear.

In somewhat similar fashion Dorothy Day and a handful of others from the Catholic Worker are trying to bear on their shoulders what they see as a great weight of moral responsibility. During this year's nationwide air-raid drill they refused to take shelter, as they have done for several years, and again they were arrested and jailed. At this writing they are in prison waiting trial, and in some ways theirs seems a foolish gesture. What, people ask, do they hope to gain by such tactics? Even if they are pacifists, why protest an air-raid drill which might save some lives in a real thermonuclear war?

Such questions, it seems to us, miss the real point. The Catholic Worker group is protesting not so much the air-raid drill as the policy that lies behind it, and their point cannot be too lightly dismissed. We ourselves are not pacifists, as readers of the magazine know full well from our editorial comments week by week. But every Christian, no matter how vigorous his rejection of pacifism, must nevertheless concern himself with the question of legitimate means in warfare, and here it must be admitted that increasing national reliance on thermonuclear weapons makes at least this aspect of the Catholic Worker position more persuasive every year. One need not be a pacifist, certainly, to say that the United States is failing to maintain adequate military alternatives to thermonuclear war, or to say that in recent years responsible Christian voices have been strangely silent on this subject, at a time when protests about the direction of U.S. military policy would have been most useful.

Major Eatherly has found the load he carries too heavy to bear; one can only hope he will come to see that the rest of us must bear it with him, and that this awareness will somehow lighten his burden. Meantime, he deserves our prayers, and so too do Dorothy Day and the others from the Catholic Worker. If we do not share their every conviction, we recognize that they are bearing witness according to their own consciences, and we know how barren the world could be without voices like theirs. And if we reject their pacifism, we can only repeat here what we have said in other years: there is something seriously wrong when society fears questions from people like Dorothy Day so much that imprisonment is its only answer.

POPE JOHN ON COMMUNISM

IN 1949 POPE PIUS approved a decree which warned Catholics they could no longer receive the sacraments if they joined the Communist Party —a move American Catholics tended to regard with some surprise, not because they disagreed, certainly, but because they would have considered such a decree an unnecessary statement of the obvious. Now Pope John has broadened and extended that 1949 decree by signing a new resolution on the subject prepared by the Sacred Congregation

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of the Holy Office. Catholics not only may not vote for Communist candidates, says the new ruling; they may not vote for candidates who "unite with Communism or aid Communists," even if the candidates themselves do not profess principles in opposition to Catholic doctrines.

Although the new decree has world-wide application, Vatican sources point out that its most immediate application is in Sicily. There a wealthy landowner and long-time Christian Democratic leader last year joined five other Christian Democrats in a coalition with Communists and neo-Fascists. The Italian Communist Party immediately hailed this development as the first sign of collaboration between Catholics and Communists, and Church and government officials obviously feared that the spread of the idea of collaboration could end in a Communist-controlled regime in Italy.

The Papal decree, it is to be hoped, will end such fears. The Christian Democrats undoubtedly suffer from the lack of responsible opposition, and the size of the Communist vote in Italy makes it difficult to develop such opposition without dividing the democratic vote and hence allowing the Communists to become the dominant party. But cooperation by individual Christian Democrats with Communists or Fascists is certainly not the answer to this problem. The Papal decree has simply clarified what should have needed no clarification: collaboration with Communists by Catholics is impossible.

MOUNTING SPECULATION

MORE AND MORE stock ownership by the employees of American industry has long been a hope of those who look for the development of the national economic set-up in the direction of a "people's capitalism." In this way the worker-investor would not only share in the profits of industry, but would have a continuing and increasing stake in its success. The figures show that the number of shareholders is rising, thanks partly to stock purchases by instalments and the recent growth of investments in mutual funds. This increase tends to be steady rather than spectacular, as the proportion of citizens with surplus cash to invest continues to be limited.

What is strikingly on the increase is Wall Street speculation. More and more people these days seem inclined to "take a flier" in hopes of making a killing in their own modest way. The conditions are propitious. Whatever the various causative factors at the moment, steel production is at a peak, new car sales are booming and the Gross National Product appears headed for an all-time record. Contrary to many expert expectations, stock prices continue to press upward toward new ceilings.

The buying public appears most interested today in stocks selling for less than five dollars a share, most of them highly speculative. Gold or uranium or oil stocks of this caliber have been around for a number of years. But special interest is noted now in companies which are going in for electronics and other technological developments, including companies which might come up with some new miracle drug. These buyers tend to look for quick results; few of them expect to hold onto these securities any longer than six months at the most, even though the income tax on "short-term capital gains" is higher.

Evidence of the speculative rash is all too plentiful. In one week in April, for example, these low-priced shares accounted for more than a third of N.Y. Stock Exchange sales (only eight per cent a year ago). Whereas the general Dow-Jones averages for 1958 registered a rise of thirty-five per cent, these low-priced shares virtually doubled in value. And this year the disparity is even more marked. Speculation, which raises the specter of 1929, is greatly on the increase. Where will it all end?

The Securities and Exchange Commission has sent up warnings. The New York Stock Exchange itself has echoed them. Some of the most reputable stockbrokers are lending their influence to efforts to persuade the public to buy stocks for income purposes and long-term growth. The ninety per cent cash requirement for buying on margin, which is currently in force, does not seem to be serving as an all-out check on speculation; the speculator gets the required cash from a moneylender. In a somewhat regulated free enterprise set-up such as ours we cannot hope forcibly to prevent speculation. But persuasion of a very high order is needed to bring to its senses a public that is in a gambling mood.

In the background is an upsurge in many sectors of the American economy and the ever-beckoning possibility that some new find, some fabulous remedy, or some other spectacular new product will produce substantial riches. And Wall Street stock salesmen are said to be multiplying at a dizzying pace. Simply to set against all this the conviction of financial experts that stocks generally are greatly over-priced, and that a big decline in security values is to be expected, is to pit more or less forbidding caution against expansive dreams.

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TEST BAN NEGOTIATIONS

RESUMPTION of the Geneva talks brought a new Western proposal. This focused attention on detonations in the lower atmosphere, which are the chief source of radioactive fall-out. The American proposal was to cease all testing in the lower atmosphere, and under the water, for a specific period, such as three years. The tests of the earth's atmosphere required to police such an agreement would hardly involve the degree of on-the-site inspection stubbornly opposed by the Soviet Union. Some believe that such explosions might even be detected by present monitoring systems.

From the Soviet point of view there are fewer obstacles in this proposed first step. But the hitherto intransigent Russian negotiators gave this no sign of recognition. Yet Soviet leaders are themselves fearful of a thermonuclear war. They know that atomic weapon control will become much more precarious if, because an agreement on a test ban is not reached, a number of smaller countries procure their own atomic weapons. This factor, rather than any change in the Russian negotiators' demeanor, has led to a flicker of hope that the new Western proposal may lead to a test-ban agreement devoutly desired by many peoples.

NUEVO AMIGO CASTRO

IN HIS WHIRLWIND visit to the United States, Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro seems to have won back much of the enthusiasm and good will which greeted his triumph over the forces of dictator Fulgencio Batista last January but which ebbed away in the course of the succeeding months.

In that time, the words and actions of Premier Castro gave rise to mounting U.S. fears and misgivings about the future development of the new government. First of all, there were the special trials and executions by Castro's regime of hundreds of pro-Batista "war criminals." These executions, now totaling more than five hundred and fifty, were severely criticized in the United States and, indeed, throughout the world. Then there were the many bitterly hostile references to the United States made by Castro himself and other members of his government. No doubt these statements were, at least in part, understandable reactions to criticism which Castro felt was unfair, especially as it came from a country which had given aid and support to the deposed dictator. Nevertheless, understandable or not, anti-U.S. utterances contributed to the rapid erosion of Castro's "good press" in this country.

Another source of U.S. anxiety was the fact of increased Communist activity in Cuba and the apparent unconcern of the Premier in the face of this activity. In fact, men who were believed to be at least Communist sympathizers were given key government posts by Castro, who subsequently added to U.S. concern by a statement that Cuba would be "neutral" in the event of war between the Soviet Union and the U.S. Other grounds for misgivings were Premier Castro's indefinite postponement of popular elections and the possibility that his government might confiscate Cuban holdings of foreign (including U.S.) business interests.

These fears have now been considerably reduced by Dr. Castro's speeches and interviews—and perhaps most of all by the personal impression he has made. Congressmen, government officials, newsmen—almost everyone who has met him—declare themselves much taken by Premier Castro's obvious sincerity and dedication to his people. His assurances of friendship for the United States, his repudiation of Communism, and even the "neutralism" which some of his earlier remarks had seemed to indicate, went far to allay the fears of official Washington; similar expressions of good will have won over even those who were most dubious.

Unfortunately, however, the mere fact of personal integrity and enthusiasm on the part of Dr. Castro will not in itself solve Cuba's problems. Paramount among these is the nearly desperate economic situation. The decline in world sugar prices has seriously shrunk the country's dollar reserves, already depleted by Batista's arms purchases and graft, and the enormous sums taken out of Cuba by him and his lieutenants. Unemployment is now fifteen per cent of the work force and sure to get worse when the cane season is over. Add to this unhappy picture the results of Communist agitation and the Castro government's deep involvement in the potentially explosive political struggle throughout Latin America, and the prospects for Cuba seem as troubled as ever.

More sensible than our alternate periods of nervousness and complacency would be a recognition by the United States that Fidel Castro is merely the symbol of a force which is welling up all over Latin America and that Cuba's plight is merely part of a widespread Latin American pattern. The United States must come to terms with this situation in some better fashion than attempting, intermittently and at arm's length, to get along well with the "winners."

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The Price of Health

Recent extraordinary advances in medical costs are about to produce a decisive transformation in our entire system of medical practice

by EDWARD T. CHASE

AS THE SAYING GOES, the doctor is a friend in need. But he is also a friend in need of his patient's money, and this dichotomous role—of scientist-healer and economic animal—accounts for most of the tensions within the profession and between the profession and the public. The tension has mounted to a furious pitch in the postwar period as striking scientific advances have held forth the promise of better medicine for all, as our society has come increasingly to demand comprehensive medical care as a matter of right, and as the health insurance movement has accelerated following the historic National Labor Relations Board decision of 1949 that health insurance is a bargainable element in fringe benefits.

What has brought the tension to the point where we are about to see a decisive transformation in our system of medical practice is the extraordinary advance in medical costs. These costs have far outdistanced the general rise in the cost of living, more than doubling since the war. Nothing has helped so far. Hospital rates, for example, advance relentlessly about five per cent a year, year in and year out. The bustle of activity in Washington over new legislation affecting medicine, the heated debates within the profession, the turmoil in the insurance industry, the flow of new books, reports, speeches and surveys—all foreshadow imminent and great changes in the present medical structure.

The basic point is that we cannot enjoy simultaneously the fruits of contemporary medical knowledge and an anachronistic medical structure. Something will have to give. Every indication is that it will be the American Medical Association, which is to say organized medicine's rear-guard action to preserve private, fee-based solo practice. For nearly all the time-honored customs and policy positions of the profession derive from that concept.

The fantasy that medical practice does not differ from other business enterprises, selling shoes or real estate, for example, that fees are whatever the practitioner feels the traffic will bear, has probably never been a tenable proposition. But it has been tenaciously held by the spokesmen for American medicine up until quite recently. It has only been the intolerable pinch of the cost squeeze that has sufficiently dramatized the truth that medicine is more than the doctors' private matter, that indeed the cost and quality of medicine are very much a matter of social concern and that, lamentably perhaps but necessarily, a degree of social control is involved. We are talking about matters of life and death, after all, not frivolities. This is a distinction that even the most unreconstructed devotees of laissez-faire cannot deny. And nowadays there is a resurgence of the kind of social criticism heard in the thirties but considered old hat or in dubious taste in the booming fifties, criticism by analysts more impressed by the relative decreptitude of our public goods and services than by the benevolence of the trickle-down mechanism of the market system.

BUT ALTERNATIVES are not black and white. It does not follow that a degree of regulation means a controlled medical economy. What could follow—and the A.M.A., ever fearful of government encroachment though it is, is finally waking up to the point—is that *no* regulation can very *well* mean a controlled medical economy. The people, frustrated by costs, would see to it. So, belatedly, we are seeing even the A.M.A. modify its obstinate stand that all's for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

The changes to come in medicine will not, however, come about easily. The lack of any general agree-

Mr. Chase writes frequently on cultural and social questions for this and other magazines.

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ment within the profession and within its interested partner, the insurance industry, is remarkable. A relatively quick way to appreciate this fact is to read through the last several years of the journal *Medical Economics,* which makes a business of reporting all that goes on on the medical practice front. Not a month goes by without there appearing evidences of a civil war, or rather several civil wars, among the various interested parties. These include the "political" doctors, the teachers, the researchers, the specialists, the general practitioners, the group practitioners, the soloists, the salaried, the unions, the actuaries, the hospital administrators, the nurses and so on.

To oversimplify the issues a bit, the situation might be summed up somewhat like this. There is now pretty general agreement that there is an irreversible trend for ever wider health care, that no appreciable fraction of our people, for example the indigent aged, are going to be allowed to go without it. Not only is our consumer-oriented society coming to expect more and more such beneficences; the labor movement and both of our welfare-state-inclined political parties are active in fighting for them. Furthermore, there is an awareness of what other nations are doing in the way of health, from the absolute control of the socialist states to the English National Health Service providing care to all regardless of means, and such a lesser example of state infiltration as the provision of basic hospital care by most of the Canadian provincial governments starting this year. To the leaders in medicine and insurance these are nightmarish and no doubt sobering developments, especially the English National Health Service, which is consistently condemned and consistently misrepresented. Meantime, an ever better informed public, exposed to "gee whiz" medical articles in the *Reader's Digest* and to the plethora of miracle drug ads and press accounts of surgical prodigies, is demanding the best in medical care.

Financing all this is quite another matter, however. Accordingly, new systems of budgeting medical costs and paying for them in advance have sprung up, notably Blue Cross and Blue Shield, plus the health insurance of the commercial insurance companies and a third creation, the independent medical plan. This last method consists of group prepayment for comprehensive medical care by a defined group of physicians in a contracted plan, all within a voluntary framework. The big fight for compulsory health insurance was, of course, lost. (And there are good reasons to believe it will never materialize along the lines contemplated by the celebrated Wagner-Murray-Dingell bills of the late forties and early fifties.)

Medical care costs nevertheless are high, getting higher and have become onerous in the extreme. These prepayment schemes are a boon, but, in the case of the Blues and of health insurance, they do not cover all the expenses by a long shot, especially the big serious illnesses that can bankrupt a family. Besides, over a quarter of the American people still have no health insurance of any kind whatsoever. The situation is made rougher each year by the progress of science itself and the higher percentage of the aged in our population as infectious diseases are conquered and we live on to the ripe age when those costly chronic ills overtake us.

The insurance industry, labor, the government and a portion of the medical profession are much disturbed by this, usually for different reasons. There is general agreement among all, however, that the most pressing challenge in medicine is the solution of this economic problem. Insurance, used in the broadest sense of the word to include the Blues, has done a creditable job on the whole. The very great success in getting so many of our people partially protected from financial ruin due to illness and accident has encouraged the delusion that, somehow or other, ingenious underwriting can pull off the trick of providing full protection for all at a workable cost. But a delusion it is, because costs are not determined by actuaries: they are determined by the medical practice itself. And therein lies the rub. For this at once involves some tampering with the A.M.A.'s holiest of holies, the unregulated private fee.

ANY INSURANCE PLAN, any program of prepayment and budgeting, becomes relatively impractical if a cardinal factor, such as the doctors' charges, is unpredictable, accountable to no schedule or regulation. Therefore, the irresistible force of health coverage for all meets the immovable object of the non-scheduled or unregulated fee. In the resulting collision, the non-scheduled fee is going to have to go. Once fees become a known and in some way regulated quantity there emerges the possibility of sounder underwriting. This will be a potent incentive for insurance to push its major medical coverages with some confidence that it will not get stung and to devise ways to cover more and more people more and more completely. (Major medical coverage, now ten years old, involves underwriting the big expenses and keeping the premium within bounds by leaving the little expenses up to the policyholder.)

Yet controlled fees in themselves, while inevitable in one form or another in this observer's view, will not constitute a reform fundamental enough to lick the high cost problem. Already the evidence is accruing in convincing fashion that more ambitious changes are in order, changes that can actually bring expenses in line so that the general populace can enjoy the best in medicine without undue financial strain. The evidence consists principally in the successes of group practice, especially when combined with group pre-

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payment; in innovations in hospital practice such as "progressive patient care," where the hospital is divided into zones of care; in hospital design, for example the efficiencies attained in the United Mine Workers' chain of hospitals; in outpatient services; in new kinds of health clinics; new approaches for dealing with the ambulatory and the convalescent, the mentally ill, the aged. In the aggregate, such an evolution is amounting to a new mode of practice.

Most radical of these changes is group practice, which has been with us for many years but only now is becoming so prevalent as to comprise a transformation in our medical structure. Since the physician becomes salaried or is remunerated according to the number of patients treated, group practice has not set well with the A.M.A. Also, because group practice has not invariably attracted all the best doctors, is susceptible to certain of the drawbacks of bureaucratic, impersonal procedure and has been frequently initiated by labor, it has often aroused the hostility of doctors otherwise disdainful of the A.M.A.'s postures. Doctors continue to be our most rugged individualists and anything smacking of corporate medicine is suspect.

Yet on the whole the merits of group plans are hardly debatable, especially from the viewpoint of the patient, although this is a viewpoint not necessarily given priority in the higher councils of the profession. The group practice patient, while denied the dubious privilege called "free choice" by the A.M.A., is not faced with choosing a doctor on some accidental circumstance or by emotional hunch. Instead he deals with a logically organized panel of medical talents on a prepaid basis, or is at least fully informed of the fees involved. The patient usually receives all his medical care in one spot, expediting immediate consultation among the doctors and continuity in the care he receives. The dangers of various abuses such as excessive fees, fee-splitting and unnecessary surgery, which have been a big factor in the over-all medical cost picture since the spread of health insurance, are eliminated or much reduced by group practice. And the patient receives care of an excellence not generally available from the single practitioner.

From the doctor's viewpoint of medical economics, to share the burden of costly equipment, technicians, clerical help and overhead expenses makes very good sense. Actually, while per patient charges are lower in group practice, per doctor income generally can be higher, thanks to such efficiencies. The intangible rewards to the doctor include working contact with physicians of differing skills, a degree of specialization even for the general practitioner, and planned vacation and study time.

Observe the duplication of diagnostic equipment (unused much of the day) in a five-block walk up doctors' row on Park Avenue and ponder the economic waste involved. This economizing factor alone may prove the decisive one in the spread of group practice. Yet it would be misleading to single out group practice as the be-all and the end-all in the shift to a more rational medical practice.

IT IS BECAUSE group practice definitely modifies the unregulated private fee system that it gets major attention. But so far as economy goes, reforms are even more pressing in other quarters, for example hospitals. Right off it must be made clear that the reference here is not to doing away with waste, cutting down on "needless" administrative and operational expenditures in the usual sense of the word. In fact hospitals have no such fat that can be cut. My reference is to such practices as excessive use of the hospital in diagnostic procedures involving unnecessary hospitalization of the patient; use of hospitals, geared to critical illness, for sheltering the ambulatory and convalescent who could be far more cheaply cared for in properly planned facilities; use of such general purpose hospitals for the infirm aged, for the mentally ill, for narcotics and alcoholics.

These procedures add enormously to the nation's medical bill. There is a challenge here to bold new thinking about practice and to the planning of facilities tailored to handle special types and degrees of disability. The progressive patient care referred to earlier, for example—a method of organizing the hospital so as to provide graduated care ranging from the intensive care of the critically ill to the routine care of the ambulatory—is being successfully employed in several hospitals now, and costs are appreciably reduced. More organized efforts can be made, also, to prevent costly, lingering disability resulting from faulty initial diagnosis and ineffectual treatment in the important early stages. A dismaying number of the chronically disabled are victims of needless complications of minor ailments. Rehabilitation is another phase of medical care now coming into increasing acceptance that can contribute to a lowering of the nation's over-all medical expense.

The current activity by politicians and by labor, insurance, and other lay interests becomes understandable against this total background. Secretary Fleming of Health, Welfare and Education has indicated that he anticipates eventual Federal intervention to assure medical care of the aged.

Labor is aggressively backing hospitalization, nursing home care and surgical services for social security beneficiaries and Representative Aime J. Forand's bill providing this has a good chance of going through Congress this year or next. Since it entails the government's negotiating fees with doctors, organized medicine is united in its hostility to such a measure. There will be another attempt to put through compulsory

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national health insurance. On the state level, preeminently in New York State, there is legislative pressure to make the insurance companies extend their group coverages for life, instead of having them canceled at the time the employee retires, which is precisely when he begins to need this insurance most. But because of the underlying problem of medical costs described earlier, this kind of reform, while laudable in intent, is impractical from the underwriting point of view.

ALL MOVES involving government intrusion into medicine have stimulated in the profession a standard reflex action, which includes reference to the horrors of so-called socialized medicine in England. It is unlikely that this will continue to be a useful gambit. Despite the American public's widespread misconceptions, derived from flagrantly biased commentary in the popular press, any responsible student of the subject will testify that ten years after its inception the English National Health Service has emerged a success, not a total success, but a success. The population is getting better medical care than ever, not only because medical science has progressed but because N.H.S. has facilitated the bringing of this science to bear upon the disabled; the cost of medical care is relatively low, proportionately less per person than in the U. S.; the people are overwhelmingly for it, with ninety-eight per cent being registered users; both political parties vie in claiming credit for its birth; on the whole, despite continual wrangling over proper remuneration levels, both general practitioners and all but a small fraction of specialists are unquestionably better off financially with N.H.S.; and the patient has free choice of doctor and the doctor is not forced to take any patient on his list, so the "doctor-patient" relationship has not deteriorated as was once feared. Nor does the government tyrannize the doctors—indeed there has been substantial criticism that the doctors hold too total a sway in matters of medical administration, and that this is occasionally contrary to the public's interest.

The United States will not have such a system, at least in the foreseeable future, for our society is differently organized and a hundred other factors would make such a system impractical here. But what we can expect to have is a spread in group practice combined with group prepayment and an increasing degree of governmental participation. A consumer-sponsored, prepaid group practice plan now getting underway in Detroit bears watching. Somewhat similar to the celebrated Kaiser-Permanente group medical plan on the West Coast, the Detroit plan is known as the Community Health Association Plan. It is headed by Walter Reuther and backed by the U.A.W., but it is by no means limited to the union. The entire community can participate.

And community is the keynote. From here on in medical practice is going to be increasingly organized and in this country we can expect this to occur at an accelerating rate on the community level. In the end, the important result is that we can expect more comprehensive, less expensive and better medical care for all.

INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR

Our Unknown Planet

by JAMES B. KELLEY

THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE of the recently completed International Geophysical Year—July 1, 1957 to December 31, 1958—was "the acquisition of data taken simultaneously at various points on the earth in order to give a planetary view of phenomena and events in most of the major fields of geophysics."

Any geophysical investigation is, of course, intensely difficult. For when the scientist undertakes to study the earth of which he is an integral part, he is in somewhat the same position as a man who might be dropped blindfolded into the middle of a dense forest and then told to describe this forest—its length, breadth, width, age, geographical location, topography and everything else about it—with only one assistance; he would be allowed to remove the blindfold, but he would not be allowed to move from the spot where he was standing.

Obviously, then, if the geophysicist or geodetist is to study the earth—and this means its internal composition, its topography, the floors of its oceans, the heights of its mountains, the composition of its atmosphere, everything about it—he must not be alone. He needs the coordinated assistance of every available hand and mind. Thousands of observations must be taken simul-

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taneously; they must be taken at all seasons of the year; they must be repeated during some of those seasons to be certain that special conditions did not exist. In other words, the study of the earth is not a one-man or a one-nation job. For worthwhile results the study must involve people of many lands acquainted with many local phenomena.

Thus it was that while statesmen were walking a tightwire across a caldron of thermonuclear war threats, more than fifty thousand men and women (and some children, too) from sixty-six countries of the world were cooperating in a massive effort to gather information about our planet and the universe in which it spins. Both sides of the Iron Curtain were represented, the only notable exception being Communist China, which refused to enter because of Nationalist China's participation.

From three world data centers—one in the U.S., one in the U.S.S.R. and a third broken up into sub-centers in Australia, Japan and several sections of Western Europe—the information gathered was relayed and then farmed out according to its classification (solar activity, cosmic rays, seismology, meteorology, etc.) to the various sub-centers under the direction of the main center. It is noteworthy that during the I.G.Y. the small nations of the world had an equal opportunity to show their strength and ability, this being one occasion where sheer weight of numbers or force of arms did not determine the importance of a national voice.

THE BACKGROUND for the I.G.Y. is interesting. The idea started with Chevalier de Lamarck, a Frenchman, who early in the nineteenth century suggested and then began the first international collection of weather reports. In 1829, Alexander von Humboldt, the famous German physicist, set up a chain of magnetic observation stations which ranged across Europe to Peking and on to Sitka, Alaska. Von Humboldt brought both the United States and Great Britain into the effort, and he was followed some years later by an Austrian Naval officer, Lieutenant Karl Wyprecht, an Arctic explorer who proposed that a series of data stations be erected in various parts of the world for the purpose of gathering weather, geomagnetic, atmospheric and geological information. As a result of this proposal, the Polar Year of 1882-1883 was established. Fifty years later, in 1932, the Second Polar Year was organized, and more than a hundred data stations were set up in the polar regions.

The I.G.Y. which entered the planning stage in the spring of 1953 saw the greatest collection of scientific talent gathered for a single project in the history of the modern scientific world. And this I.G.Y. brought perhaps the most startling and impressive events to occur in our lifetimes—the successful launching from the earth of a number of artificial satellites.

As everyone knows, these launchings took on immense political significance. Since the U.S.S.R. was ahead of the United States by about four months, and in fact had two satellites in orbit before the United States had launched its first one successfully, many of the more important and basic studies of the I.G.Y. were lost in a welter of propaganda, claims, counterclaims and general excitement. To the scientist, of course, concerned as he was with no more than upper atmospheric studies, weather charts, space forces, space radiation and scores of other atmospheric and space problems, the satellite was only an extremely important and valuable device for obtaining information which could be had no other way. Therefore, any successful satellite was to him an accomplishment to be welcomed. Things did not turn out that way, as we know, and since the world is the way it is geopolitically, the situation had to be tolerated geophysically.

But towards the end of the I.G.Y. the various satellites launched from the earth began to assume their proper significance in the press and in the public mind. Vanguard I, the American satellite launched in March, 1959, is still giving invaluable information to the mapmakers of the world. And important as this contribution is, even more important is the information it has supplied to geodetists on the shape and structure of the earth. Explorer I and later Pioneer I gave the world a picture of the spatial radiation distribution which was previously either unknown or inaccurately known.

All the satellites together, including the "unsuccessful" ones, and the rockets which were sent aloft have permitted Dr. James A. Van Allen and his colleagues to plot the probable distribution of radiation up to a distance of thirty thousand miles from the earth. The picture of this distribution changed several times as more information came back from space and at one point it looked as though manned space travel might be impossible because of the intense radiation at moderate distances—say, ten to twenty thousand miles—from the earth. Even after the I.G.Y. ended last December 31, the exploration continued, and a weather satellite is now circling the earth across the Poles.

THE FULL impact of the information which the rockets and satellites returned to the data centers on earth may not be known for several years, but even now, as the data continues to be processed and assimilated, is is clear that this new knowledge will have many and important uses. If from no other standpoint, the I.G.Y. would have to be counted a success in the extraordinary advances it brought in the field of rocketry. Concerning this point, few people seem to realize that a total of seven nations—Australia, Canada, Great Britain, France and Japan, as well as the U.S. and U.S.S.R.—launched four hundred rockets and satel-

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lites during the I.G.Y. Each of these rockets contributed a share in the year's total achievement.

While these four hundred rockets searched space, and a half dozen others either went into orbit or probed reaches hitherto unknown by man, twenty countries sent eighty ships over the oceans of the earth in an effort to "place international oceanography on a firm footing." Among the notable oceanographic findings were indications that warm climates are moving north. And rivers were discovered in the oceans which behave much as rivers on land. They flow quite independently of the oceans, with the effect of delivering billions of gallons of water every second across thousands of miles of ocean. The discovery of these rivers, some of which flow from two hundred to a thousand feet below the surface of the sea, causes questions to be raised concerning the advisability of dumping large quantities of radioactive wastes into the oceans. Wastes dumped in a "safe" area of the ocean might possibly be carried thousands of miles by these rivers to other—not so safe—parts of the world.

The drifting and drift paths of ice—the iceberg is still a menace to shipping as events of this past winter proved—were also traced and charted anew during the International Geophysical Year. The coordination of the data gathered by the countries engaged in this phase of the study for the I.G.Y. is probably an outstanding example of the necessity of nations working in concert toward a single goal. Floating ice is a menace to all shipping; the iceberg knows nothing of politics or philosophy, and appears to be fairly impervious to even the best detection methods. If the world's shipping was to be protected, information and data had to be brought together and examined not within national boundaries but within the chart rooms of the entire world.

IT WOULD NOT be honest to leave the impression that everything ran smoothly during the I.G.Y., that there were no international differences. The struggle between the East and the West in Europe and throughout the rest of the world showed up more than once in the course of the year. Australia was not enthusiastic about having a permanent Soviet team in the Antarctic; there was some fear voiced that physical scientists might be replaced by military scientists at points a little too close to home. There was also some misgiving on the part of smaller nations that the great powers might decide to retain data which had possible military significance for fear of its falling into unfriendly hands. And Communist China's attitude was unfortunate, although this situation eased when Peiping later showed considerable interest in the I.G.Y. and in having the program continued for another full year.

Perhaps the biggest division between the East and West was raised at the Moscow Conference on the I.G.Y. held during the first ten days of August, 1958. The U.S.S.R., backed by China, Poland and East Germany, wanted to extend the I.G.Y. for another year. The United States felt it should be terminated. The case for both sides was good. The Soviet Union pointed out, with logic, that much work was yet to be done and hence the year should be continued. The United States said its government had been committed for the eighteen-month period and was not prepared to carry on further with the same kind of effort. It maintained that there was much work to be done but that before this work could be undertaken intelligently an examination of what had been accomplished and what needed to be accomplished should be made.

The Conference adjourned on the note that cooperation would continue in those areas where it seemed the most valuable results could be obtained. Provisions would be made for an exchange of data still to be gathered and, of course, the data already gathered would be published for the benefit of all. This was a compromise that seemed, to all concerned, eminently reasonable.

All in all, it can be recorded that the scientists of the world—and this includes the backyard observers as well as those in the great laboratories—were able to work together to increase their knowledge. They had their troubles, but it is important to remember that these troubles came not simply because they were Russians or Germans or Frenchmen or Americans or whatever, but because they were intelligent men who had real and legitimate differences of opinion. If they had not had such differences, this would have been not only unique in the annals of scientific investigation but downright suspicious. And if some people thought data were being suppressed, this would not be the first time this thought has occurred even among members of the same laboratory team.

The net results of the International Geophysical Year seem to show that in those fields of human activity where men of good will are gathered for a worthy purpose, it can be assumed that the usual tensions and struggles associated with international politics can be submerged. This is a real step forward.

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THE NEW LEADERS

A NEW generation of world leaders is taking power, in this country and abroad. I do not mean simply that the young are stepping up to fill the places of the old. That is always true. What is significant now is that men born in the twentieth century are getting their first real taste of power.

In all probability the next President of the United States will be a man of this century, a person whose memories are all post-World War I. Men of the twentieth century are taking power not only in politics but in business, labor, religion, education, journalism. I suspect that they will not be younger editions of their predecessors but, in the sense that such a statement can be true, will be different men. Each era produces its own kind of man, and the men born in the nineteenth century and those who have known only the twentieth come out of two different worlds.

World War I ended an era that deemed itself very jaded indeed, but, oddly enough, we who came along later tend to think of it as an age of innocence. Its optimism strikes us as a bit on the absurd side. Its unquestioning faith in the science that was supposed to bring redemption but now promises to bring total devastation, seems a little pathetic. Its copybook moral maxims sound far from adequate. While we may envy the simplicity of American life in that era, we can not endorse the isolationism and insularity that made such placidity possible.

All the easy dogmas of the last century ended up in some kind of historic repudiation. Two World Wars put an end to isolationism. The Hiroshima bomb mocked scientism. The great depression turned the slogans of free enterprise and the hidden "natural" laws of supply and demand into a bad joke. The moral perplexities and ambiguities of exercising America's power in the present age have made mincemeat of the copybook maxims.

So now the pre-World War I era survives as a delightful myth, a never-never world displayed on Broadway in musical comedies like "The Music Man," in best-sellers like Harry Golden's touching memories of immigrant life on the lower East Side and in the tinted personal memories of the older generation.

The new leaders have fewer dogmas than their fathers. History does not put forth its lessons in doctrinal formulas, and history has been their greatest teacher. They even find it hard to sentimentalize their own past, for too often it was touched with the bitterness of depression and war. They are a tougher breed in some ways, but they are also more open-minded and tolerant than those who went before them.

They live by a different code and are more frank about the fact that they are just as apt to observe expediency as principle. I do not believe however that they are really any more expedient. They are less moralistic than their elders but in all truth they may be somewhat more moral. Though Reinhold Niebuhr makes more sense to them than McGuffey's Reader, they are not for that reason less concerned with ethics. They are as hardheaded as their fathers and a lot less sentimental. The Depression taught them that the class-structure is not inviolate, and World War II taught them that America is involved in mankind. Now they read both Adam Smith and Karl Marx with a clinical eye and turn a deaf ear as quickly to those who cry "One World" as to those who cry "America first."

The word power does not embarrass them and the problem of how to use it responsibly obsesses them. They are not goggled by science, but still it is largely science which has made them. Because of Freud and Kinsey, they no longer look at sex the way their elders did. They are used to the idea of a small globe and are not even particularly awed by space exploration. They take comfort as their birthright and leisure as a fact of life and regard drudgery as something that belongs to the past.

This generation has dogmas of its own. They can expect the same kind of historical repudiation that their elders knew. For instance, they believe much too passionately in the primacy of public relations. That concern of theirs, in the McCarthy era, almost led to national disaster. Perhaps, before the final lesson is learned, the nation will have to lose more than it lost in those years when everyone wanted to know how it would look or what would people say if. . . . The new generation is also so bewitched by the virtues of compromise that they seem to echo Honor Tracey's priest who urged his parishioners to walk the straight and narrow path between truth and falsehood.

But I think there is no gainsaying that they are different. They grew up in a different kind of America, indeed a different kind of world. The problems they faced were brand-new problems when they first met them and only from bitter experience did they learn that the myths of their fathers were unreliable. They have never really been understood by the earlier generation, even from the days when they were denounced for their youthful excesses. The gap between the two generations is too great.

And now men of this background are taking power —twentieth century men. The world has changed mightily in recent years. I suspect that with this change in leadership, the changes will be even more spectacular.

JOHN COGLEY.

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"Life in America is a continual invitation to compare the old and the new"

Return to Europe

by THOMAS MOLNAR

RETURNING TO Europe ten years after I had left it, I brought with me last summer a lively curiosity, but also some general expectations. Life in America—every tourist, traveler and immigrant knows it—is a continual invitation to compare the old and the new worlds, to observe and analyze one in terms of the other. Since I am unable to conceive of a synthesis of Europe and the United States (but believe in the distinctive values of each), I landed overseas with the usual questions in mind: how "Americanized" has Europe become and, more generally, how has Europe changed?

I soon realized that the questions themselves were "American." I understood again (and it did not take long) that change and transformation mean entirely different things in the old world and in the new. Change, as we interpret that word in the United States, is unknown in Europe, or, rather, it is hidden and camouflaged as something too violent to be exposed. Whether it is the bold design of modern architecture or the signs of the workers' recently won prosperity, the "new" in Europe seems to want to blend with the old and aspire to age and respectability.

There are, of course, the items by which "Americanization" is frequently measured abroad. From England to Italy, from Switzerland to Spain, children wear bluejeans, adults chew gum and langorously carry their portable radios, young lovers eat hot dogs and drink cokes. Yet these objects and gestures do not form a pattern; they exist in isolation. Such things are bought, worn, or consumed because they are cheap, or practical, or available; there is no tacit social meaning behind them; they do not mark—favorably or unfavorably—the person who uses them. Objects, for the average European, are not yet obsessions. In short, he has not developed a consumer's consciousness.

Now this attitude is not an undivided blessing. In Spain, for example, it comes from a kind of contempt for the object-world. Spaniards with a progressive outlook tell you that if more goods—from busses to cigarettes—were available through domestic production and import, Spain could be integrated with the Western world economically and would also develop a respect for objects, for machines, for creature-comforts. Other Spaniards are not so sure of this.

THUS IT WOULD be foolish to attribute the prosperity of Western Europe—of Germany, Italy and France—to Americanization, and the marked poverty of Spain to the "old European ways." It is, rather, that the economic and social forces that have been at work for many decades in the U.S. have begun to activate Europe. Do they bring about similar results?

One way of judging this is to observe people at their various occupations and activities, and to listen to what they have to say. My only measuring rod for comparing the changes which had taken place over the years was the accumulated, half-buried memories of childhood and adolescence, but these came miraculously alive when called forth by things and gestures long ago ingrained. In this way, I was able to locate, under the superficial signs available to the visitor and the tourist, the layers of tradition and routine, the turn of mind inherited from the centuries, the instinctive reactions and mannerisms, the deep-seated preferences and dislikes.

I spent, for example, an entire afternoon in a public park at Avignon. I watched the children play under the ever-present eyes of mother or grandmother, and, after six o'clock, the appearance of father who, between the day's work and the evening meal, came to fetch the family and chat for a while with other fathers and his wife's friends. And, walking in rue Cadet, in Paris' ninth *arrondissement,* I had a great time identifying the gestures of lady shoppers (and their hats and handbags) as those of my mother and aunts, some twenty-five years ago, in other parts of the continent.

I spent a whole day, on the bus from Marseille to Barcelona, in conversation with a retired French banker. His view of the world; his typically European attitude of stressing the permanent in the new and changing; his quiet but unillusioned acceptance of the cold war, de Gaulle and the rise and decline of empires; his appreciation of the concrete joys of life without being what we would call an "optimist"—all of these were old and seemed eternal.

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I had serious talks with Hungarian refugee students in Switzerland. Behind them lay a fantastic childhood, of hopes destroyed, of physical and moral losses —and above all, loss of time. Yet they are alive, messengers of another world, corrupt, miserable, and false, yet in some ways new. And while they eagerly absorb what they consider a somewhat tepid freedom in Western Europe, they are impatient with its slow motions, its ineradicable class distinctions and, above all, its ideological unpreparedness.

ALL THIS might give the impression that Europe, at least its Western half, is static, clinging to old ways, skeptical of change and a little hostile before the onrushing century. This impression is at once true and false. False, because there are very real social and economic changes, obvious to those who left the continent thirty, twenty or even ten years ago. Europe is no longer dominated by a middle-class, or, rather, the recently prospering workers are in the process of joining the old middle classes and adopting their ways. Millions of people can now afford, the year round, to patronize good restaurants and theaters, hotels and garages, can dress decently and even pay for small luxuries.

On the other hand, the unchanging Europe is there in the ease with which the continent once again settles down in bourgeois contentedness, adopts a conservative outlook (see what parties are in power), and develops the alarm habitual to possessing classes before upheavals, transformations and experiments in other parts of the globe. In Europe we may speak of a "revolt of the moderates."

The attitude of European youth is particularly enlightening. Others have remarked and I can confirm that today youth in Europe is quiet, serious and spiritless. Except on rare occasions, young men are not stirred up by political events or social demands; on the contrary, they discuss the present and the future, war and peace, the availability of jobs or the arguments for and against emigration without passion, matter-of-factly, with the soberness of adults. In most instances their problem is not how to find a position, but which to choose among the available ones, although few of the latter offer anything more than just adequate remuneration and the possibility of a quiet, unspectacular advancement. A German student expressed well the sentiments of his generation when, asked about the books which had influenced his life, he answered: "My mother's cookbook and my father's checkbook."

Another way of feeling the pulse of Europe is to talk with her intellectuals. This is both inevitable and indispensable, because the influence and prestige of intellectual pursuits is still very high in Europe, and the term "egghead," applied to thinkers, writers, and professors would sound sacrilegious. I was told, for example, by a young professor at Paris' *Ecole Normale Superieure* that in a traffic jam at the time of Queen Elizabeth's visit even diplomats showing their invitations were rudely repulsed by police, while his own modest murmur that he was a teacher resulted in a deferential *Ah, c'est autre chose, Monsieur le Professeur!*

IT IS A commonplace to say that the general prosperity and the rising feeling of contentment on the continent have discredited any revolutionary aspirations. The traditional Left, which twenty years ago martially occupied the avenues under red banners, has become a comfortable bureaucracy, pinching pennies and ideologies. As the leftist parties are everywhere in opposition, they are guaranteed a nice, fat issue per parliamentary session—like the race riots in Nottingham or the big-hearted banker in Italy—so that they may deliver a virtuous sermon against bourgeois prejudices, the Fascist danger, or private education. In the traditional Right one also detects signs of *embourgeoisement;* in France it demands a quick solution of the *crise du logement* as vehemently as the Left, and its vote-getting machinery is geared to the appetites of a sober, swelling, un-ideological middle class.

The strictly political concern of European intellectuals is, then, slowly receding, and so-called global considerations take its place. Global when the conversation swerves, as it quickly does, to U.S.-Soviet relations, the prospects of peace, the future of Europe between two giant powers, the problem of European cooperation, the chances of genuine culture in a society engulfed by an ubiquitous leisure.

The two last-mentioned issues, in fact, are in the forefront except when quite local preoccupations invade the center of attention. It is intellectually new in Europe to speak of a "continental consciousness," even though some speakers use the term reluctantly and others only half-earnestly. Europe is afraid of Russia and is not enthusiastic about the United States. It is surrounded by blocs, satellites, Bandung nations, Arab nationalism, an African League. It is forced to discover itself as others see it, as a unit, a collectivity. I think it does so with regret because the belief is strong that diversity is the secret of Europe's greatness. And the question remains, as Denis de Rougemont put it, whether cultural diversity can be preserved in an economic and eventually political federation.

The second point of interest is related to the first: it poses in non-political terms, for the first time in Europe, the question of the collectivity versus the individual. Europe is today inundated by the new middle class and for the intellectuals this phenomenon has more than socio-economic implications. The new classes mean a new public, more school children and

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more people to be entertained and informed. Cultural life, so far the preserve of restricted groups, must be opened to large numbers without turning one's back on the values of old.

IN THIS MATTER the European intellectuals are determined to keep the initiative in their own hands, and they have so far been largely successful. This is a difficult task for two reasons: for the first time in hundreds of years (since the Arab renaissance of the early Middle Ages, to be exact), Europe finds itself in the role of pupil rather than teacher. From the United States, but also from Soviet Russia, a new cultural policy aimed at millions, new techniques of dealing with masses and mass-problems, are penetrating the old continent. The advantage of this is that Europe is able to select, adopt and discard, and in all my talks with responsible people, with professors, writers and artists, I found the same intense desire to work out a *European* solution. Yet, their hands are no longer completely free because—and here we come to the second reason why the task is difficult—the new leisure breeds its own world, its specialists, manipulators and taste. Sooner or later the European intellectuals will have to discover that the new classes may not be satisfied with the extension of traditional cultural benefits, but will demand a new concept and a new approach.

The problem is being considered quite seriously, mainly by those who would like to accelerate the movement towards continental unity. The *Centre Européen de la Culture* in Geneva, under the direction of Denis de Rougemont, is calling together a conference this fall —to be attended by European and American experts— to explore the ways of avoiding the Scylla of intellectual aloofness and the Charybdis of mass-culture in tomorrow's Europe.

It is characteristic that these preoccupations with unity, its desiderata and probable consequences are not so noticeable in countries which have suffered from the recent wars, from social upheavals and losses of colonies and glory; they are much more in evidence in small and neutral Switzerland which considers that its hour has struck to serve as a model for a federated continent. The Swiss proudly point to their own example of "unity in diversity," and see no reason why Italians, Germans and French could not live in political harmony while maintaining their cultural non-conformism as they do in the Helvetian Republic.

Are the Swiss realistic? Could they answer the comment a Frenchman made to me that Switzerland is culturally barren and boring enough, and it would be more so with continental dimensions? The fact is that a new idea is in the air. Although it may not result in any tangible political structure—as I think it will not —a new, challenging "European consciousness" might be its even more important fruit.

THE STAGE

THE TIE THAT BINDS

FOR a temperament nurtured on the impulses of Latin sensibility—the emotional fluency and expressiveness, the daylight realism and harmony within nature, whether violent or tender—Mr. José Quintero has yet brought an irresistible persuasion to the abstraction and Platonic reverie of Mr. Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." It would seem to be the inmost life of his talent, this intuitive grace before a work's chosen imaginative tone, and it permits him to give to the Wilder quality—as he has done with O'Neill, with Mr. Tennessee Williams and Edwin Justus Mayer—a dramatic body of unique conviction. And beyond the large technical expertness of Mr. Quintero's method, its instinct for the theatrical image, there lies something so elusive and rare as to escape definition: a fine culture of spirit, perhaps; a sense of what, in human value and life, is to be cherished for no other reason than its evanescent existence. Something of lyricism goes into this, and something of grief, but always that wisdom which, as the Chinese Lao-tze has it, would "see the secret of things by possessing emotions and desires, but see the beauty of things by annihilating emotions and desires."

By some vagary of fortune which does not cease to puzzle me, I have never seen a stage production of "Our Town," and for equally untutored members of my generation, the occasion at Circle in the Square must become then a happy cultural *devoir*. The play holds still its honorable glory as a last cool lustre of the New England passion, elevated by mind to nobility, and softened by that Vergilian sweetness which is the authentic echo of Mr. Wilder's voice. Of its celebrated technical novelty, little remains: the pantomime seems as distracting an affectation as ever it did in the text, and the formal austerities of staging—to which the Circle in the Square arena most gratefully adjusts— will no longer trouble anyone. There runs profoundly through the whole that simplicity which is the issue of richness, not poverty; and an elegance of spirit which comes from meditation on the pattern of things as well as their mystery.

Mr. Francis Fergusson, whose essay in *The Human Image in Dramatic Literature* stands as a most searching comment on the Wilder theater, would see it as the enterprise of an allegorist: a theater in the service of consciously worked out moral or philosophical ideas. In "Our Town," for example, a Platonism suffered with Christian sensibility is wedded to an ideal vision of domestic nostalgia, and what emerges is less a portrait than a reverie, not a statement but a poetic inquiry: an attempt, in Mr. Wilder's words, to find "a value above

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all price for the smallest events in our daily life." The paradox of the play is to make the emotional case for actuality—for the tragic pathos of all human experience and being—by denying the very anchor in time and space on which actuality would insist. Its excellence is to have done this with a passionate sense of what is intimate and dear in the pattern of man's life, and what is timeless and abstract. Its limitation is that hazard of all allegory, a reduction of complexity to the demands of the imposed scheme.

The ideas upon which "Our Town" rests are lovely and grave, full of an ancient piety. A great light of classicism comes behind them, a belief in mortality as the chain of being—"Blessed be the tie that binds"—and its eternal order complete within some harmony of Divine Will. To such a mind and sensibility as Mr. Wilder's, a distinguished idealism will always be the natural impulse of imagination; the weight and texture of specific experience it will be less interested in recording. The danger of such a method is to dissociate "life" from the "ideas" which give it form. Mr. Wilder's New England town, seen *sub specie aeternitas* in its beauty of ideal being, has only the actuality of a dream. We respond to a poetry in the vision which is less a matter of its own sinew and blood than it is of the choice, elegiac nature which has put the spectacle before us with subtlety and intellectual passion. The frequent lapses of diction in "Our Town," the failure, as it were, to discover an absolute style adequate to its experience—a problem, one might add, of all Mr. Wilder's work—is worth remarking at this point.

Yet in a very real sense, "Our Town" may be thought of as doing what it would, saying what it would, with a finality rare in American art. It perfectly embodies Mr. Wilder's conception of theater as "the vehicle of the generalized occasion," deriving ability to evoke our belief from "its power to raise the exhibited individual action into the realm of idea and type and universal." There is a compelling sophistication behind its intimacy with ideas of profound magnitude, and an experimental energy of form which is the announcement of all vital things. Mr. Wilder is the first of our dramatists neither as poet nor moralist nor innovator but—for so he would have it—as "the rediscoverer of forgotten goods." And if this may seem too insignificant a task, I shall remark that those "forgotten goods" constitute nine-tenths of all desirable value.

There is nothing startling in Mr. Quintero's production of "Our Town:" no domination, no egotism: there is only, as there should be, measure and intensity. The youthful Emily and George ache with a sweet turbulence in the playing of Miss Jane McArthur and Mr. Clinton Kimbrough, though I could wish to see Miss McArthur tap a deeper reach of humility in herself for the last act: Mr. Kimbrough, too, might image a grief more remote and mature. Neither does his moment of

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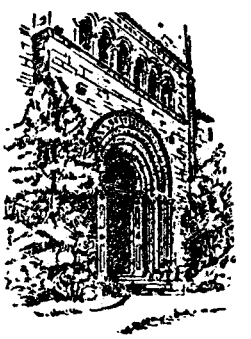

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panic before the marriage project yet its full symbolic, as to be distinguished from realistic, content. The performances of their elders have a great restraint and authority. Mr. John Beal—who might occasionally accelerate the tempo—brings his own sophistication to the function of the Narrator, and by his emotional control and muting of what is local or quaint in the role, releases the play into its full gravity and ideal world of concept. *(At Circle in the Square.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

MAN AND SUPERMAN

IN VIEW OF the fact that it is based on one of the most sensational murder crimes of this century, the most remarkable thing about "Compulsion" is its lack of sensationalism. Showing neither the murder nor the boy-victim's bereaved parents, the film—or at least the first half of it—concentrates in a coldly analytical fashion on the two murderers. Brilliant law students at the University of Chicago after graduation from college at eighteen, they consider themselves superior to society, to their well-heeled families and to accepted rules and standards. Admirers of Nietzsche, these two self-styled supermen show their contempt for morality and law not only by committing what they consider the perfect crime but also by toying with the police, giving false leads that implicate others.

In Richard Murphy's expertly-written screenplay (as well as in Meyer Levin's semi-documentary novel from which it stems and which was based on Chicago's 1924 Loeb-Leopold case) the two young men are known as Artie Straus and Judd Steiner. Much of the success of "Compulsion" depends on the portrayal of these key roles; and it is very much to Director Richard Fleischer's credit that they are handled so well—with Bradford Dillman as Artie, the leader, the stronger, the meaner; and with Dean Stockwell as the compliant but smarter Judd. With realism but with equally effective restraint, Stockwell and Dillman convey the youths' aloof superiority, their interest in each other, their disdain for humanity. Without winning audience sympathy, they hold audience attention and interest.

It is hard to say just why "Compulsion" is such a compelling picture. No doubt much of the praise should go to the production of Richard D. Zanuck (son of Darryl Z.), with its good period costumes and settings, straightforward black-and-white photography, skillful editing, and fine script and direction that carefully avoid yellow journalism and lurid handling of sexual perversion. Director Fleischer's cast is good throughout: E. G. Marshall as the D.A. who finally wins confessions from the youths, Diane Varsi as a co-ed interested in Judd and insisting on appearing at the trial because "no matter what they've done, they're still human beings," Martin Milner as her fiancé, a reporter who discovers the pair of glasses that later prove to be Judd's.

The outstanding performance of the film is that of Orson Welles as the defense attorney who could very well be Darrow. With his entrance, after he has agreed to take on the boys' seemingly hopeless case, the cold tone of the picture changes and vibrant scenes follow in rapid succession as the camera focuses on the trial and this lawyer's skillful defense tactics. Welles' portrait of a humanitarian who knows his law as well as theatrics is first-rate, and his lengthy summation speech (most of which stems from Darrow at the actual trial) is a gem of speechifying and movie making. No matter how one feels about capital punishment or the logic of this lawyer's arguments about sick children, parents, cruelty, justice, love—or the judge's final sentence—this speech and Welles' delivery of it provide a moving finale to a fascinating film.

A MILDLY amusing comedy with an excellent international cast, "Count Your Blessings" offers some beautiful CinemaScope and Metrocolor photography of London, Paris and the French chateau country. For these blessings, at least, we should thank Karl Tunberg's production. But Mr. Tunberg didn't do as well with the script, which he wrote from Nancy Mitford's *The Blessing,* a crisp novel about a spoiled little boy who enjoys playing his separated parents against each other.

The movie concentrates on the parents, who were married in London in wartime. There the bride waits for nine years, raising their young son alone. Finally the French husband returns from war duties, and the three of them go on a honeymoon and then to his palatial home in Paris—but soon the wife discovers her husband's interest in other women and goes running back to London. Then the little boy has his big opportunity to be spoiled by each parent—and nobody can say he does not make the most of it.

Some of the lines and situations in "Count Your Blessings" are funny, but Director Jean Negulesco, remembering his "Three Coins in a Fountain," was more attracted to sightseeing in London and Paris than to the quarreling husband and wife, played by Rossano Brazzi and Deborah Kerr. All in all, their problems of getting together begin to pall early in the game, although things do pick up considerably whenever the precocious little boy (Martin Stephens) maneuvers his parents as he pleases or when Brazzi's wise uncle (Maurice Chevalier) tries to guide them. Unfortunately, these things are not enough.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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BELOW THE SUMMIT

AT THE SUMMIT the footing is dangerous and the weather is terrible. It is reassuring that President Eisenhower has emphatically noted the fact, and that he will go, if he goes again, guardedly and evidently only pushed to it by public opinion. One of the essential dangers of summit-climbing is precisely the drifting and softening of public opinion and morale which almost inevitably takes place as those high altitudes are approached.

If all the people of the United States were resolved with a firm and deep and understanding determination to reject Communism, then Soviet aggression would retain little menace. If, as well, the people of all the nations allied in "the West" shared such a certain opposition, the Communist System would most probably falter with a broken momentum and begin visibly to recede. No great rockets and bombs would be necessary. Our appalling force for military "deterrence," indeed, can be seen with great justification as a material substitute for the surpassing power which intellectual and spiritual *morale* could give our defenses.

As President Eisenhower has recognized, summit conferences handicap the development of such resolution. They tend to disguise the nature of the differences between the regimes represented. A conference necessarily implies a certain likeness, or equivalence, among the participants, but when the equivalence is carelessly or falsely transferred all in all, the effect is to distort opinion and destroy so much the more of the world's determination to prevent the Communist empire.

The process of equating in propaganda Communism and the West and thus weakening our resolution has been stimulated lately by two surprisingly different publications. In his column for March 21st Drew Pearson set a frankly "co-existent" ambush for American morale by garbling history in dizzy fashion and by reducing our differences with Russia to the dimensions of a rivalry between adolescent cousins:

"British enmity against us for almost 100 years stemmed from essentially the same reason as our current enmity toward Russia. We had created a new republican form of government which threatened the crowned heads of Europe and was considered a menace to British colonialism.

"Thus the sweep of history changes the globe. And the question is: Can the sweep of history change our present dangerous relations with a new and powerful nation which is challenging us in exactly the same manner we challenged England?"

Why, indeed, should America oppose 20th Century Americanism! Drew Pearson refuses to recognize the revolution which has changed not only the foundation of world political balance and order, but also the very meaning of government and society.

On quite another front, Christopher Dawson has just published a book on the contradictory thesis of *The Movement of World Revolution.* Whereas Pearson pictures Russia and the U.S. both repeating the same old-fashioned rivalries of the 19th Century, Dawson depicts the two powers both introducing the same revolutionary transformation. They are taking, he writes, "two different roads toward the same goal—toward a common world civilization, based on science, technology, social democracy and popular education."

But the two roads, he finds, perversely diverge and "thus we have two distinct ideological complexes, Western Democracy and Eastern Soviet Communism. . . . One is Eurasian and the other is Euramerican. Both of them are secular ideologies." Then he expresses the yearning we all must feel: ". . . if Western man agrees to confine the ideologies to their proper sphere and to treat them as alternative programmes of social reform and political action. . . ."

But an ideology is not really recognized as an ideology until it does in fact carry its social, economic and political programs out of "their proper sphere," and into what this book describes as "the world of religion and metaphysics." Christopher Dawson seems to find us "ideological" with exaggerated boldness, and in his rush to cover he refuses to turn and face actual, effective totalitarianism.

The trouble with Communism is not only that its ideology is unbearably wrong, but also that Communism does not, and cannot "confine" itself. Western Democracy *is* confined, in theory, in ambition, and in fact. Its "ideology" is wrong, or part wrong and part right in so far as it works "toward a common world civilization, based on science, technology, social democracy and popular education." But the West is dead right to the extent it opposes the universal drive of the Communist System to capture the whole world in matter and in spirit.

Unless freedom can be maintained from Russia, what opportunity can there be "to recover and fortify the two great traditions [of Christianity and humanism] which are the roots. . . .?" What Dawson in another context calls our "halfway house of liberal democracy" is, as he shows, tragically inadequate. Nevertheless, if we are to follow his hope and "set about the immense task of the restoration of Christian culture," we must irreconcilably oppose the surrender of larger areas of our half-way house to the total and four-square prison of Soviet Communism.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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The Literary Tradition of the Negro

THE NEGRO NOVEL IN AMERICA. By Robert A. Bone. Yale University Press. $5.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE SOCIAL struggles of the present awaken a new consciousness of the past. Thus after the spate of Russian Institutes and Departments, and, more recently, the sudden prominence of China scholars, one now waits confidently for the first announcement of a comprehensive program for the doctorate in African studies. Closer to home, the historic immediacy of the fight for civil rights has produced a growing concern with the Negro past and tradition. Robert A. Bone's new study is part of this process.

The danger in such a situation, of course, is that the critic may confuse the righteousness of a cause with esthetic achievement. This Mr. Bone scrupulously avoids. He states candidly, for example, that there are only three Negro novels of substantial literary worth—Jean Toomer's *Cane,* Richard Wright's *Native Son* and Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man.* In short, Mr. Bone's work represents a point of view which is sensitive to literary values as well as to social movements, and this fact is a strong merit in his study.

This conception of his task does not imply a formalist theory which sees a work of art in isolation from its historic context—far from it. Mr. Bone carefully plots the development of the Negro struggle in the United States, and he relates the various literary tendencies to this movement in a most useful fashion. Thus the fact that a book with an assimilationist attitude should appear at a given moment is understandable in terms of a relationship with a political period; that it is a successful work of the imagination is not. If this distinction is honored, then it is possible to weave a pattern of historical insight and literary judgment which gives a remarkable perspective. And so it is in *The Negro Novel in America.*

And yet, dangers still remain in such a method. As Arnold Hauser has pointed out, the second-rate novel is often much more symptomatic of the *zeitgeist* than the masterpiece; it is precisely the quality of genius to achieve a certain transcendence. Thus the critic whose analysis is both historical and literary faces the problem of spending long hours and many pages with inferior material whose *only* significance is social and non-literary. Bone has not completely solved this dilemma, and at times his study is slowed down by its very thoroughness and by the inferior character of much of the writing he must discuss. In part, I suspect, this is the inevitable consequence of the genre, the dissertation-made-book; in part it is a perhaps inevitable complexity of the very method which Bone employs.

This criticism, however, should not be taken as fundamental. For in addition to a brilliant inter-relating of social struggle and literature, Mr. Bone develops a very fruitful thesis: the Negro character of the Negro novel. Some of the more ardent assimilationists have denied the very existence of the category, "Negro novel." But through the supple use of his method Mr. Bone is able to demonstrate that the Negro writer, like every other writer, sees from within the context of his own experience —in this case, the experience of being a Negro in the United States. This fact is important in dealing with the literary imagination, even as it is in analyzing the civil rights movement. That Bone accomplishes the delicate task of achieving a social perspective but not being overpowered by it, that he retains a very real literary sensitivity even in the midst of serious historical analysis —these things are our gain. For his study communicates something of the complexity of an extremely important tradition in American life, that of the Negro, and that is no small accomplishment.

Conflicts in Modern Oriental Life

RAIN AND THE FEAST OF STARS. By Reiko Hatsumi. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

By ALICE SAXON

IN CERTAIN works the absence of a particular quality can constitute its very lifelessness and failure; yet another work can sustain an equally substantial lack without damage to its being; with, in fact, the deficiency becoming at times indistinguishable from its beauty.

The only palpitations in *Rain and the Feast of Stars* are to be found on its dust jacket, which stirs up a promise of a story ending "in an emotional crisis that drove [the author] to leave her family and homeland for a new life in America" and suggests that "the dilemma Miss Hatsumi dramatizes is that of a sensitive Japanese girl torn between the traditions" of East and West, Buddhism and Catholicism, etc. This is misleading insofar as little of what the words "emotional crisis," "drama" and "dilemma" ordinarily suggest to the Western reader is to be found in Miss Hatsumi's book.

Her art is not that of contending with dilemmas, much less pointing to their resolutions. The treatment of the religious conflict in her upbringing, for example, will disappoint those who expect something meaty—it does not develop beyond the pictorial—the child wandering between the appeals of "paradise" and Heaven, with no hint of deeper figurings to come; only that "even now" the author feels guilty at finding herself dreaming in chapel of a "heaven with flowering lotus blossoms and rainbow colored *mandalas.*"

It is Miss Hatsumi's imagery, not her sense of crisis, that is marked

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by abundance and unalloyed quality; her descriptions of nature are particularly provocative. Of the rain she writes, "Ash-colored cloud began to swirl in the darkened sky . . . and with the first gust of wind came the drops . . . heavy and cold, hitting our windowpanes like tiny balloons exploding. . . . Beside the pond stood the willows, wreathed in pearl-colored fume, and on the wrinkled water, under the silky threads of rain, the white lotus flowers swayed gently." Of evening: "My mother's kimono half melted into the deep blue shadow, only her face like a white convolvulus turns toward the house. The scent of tiny yellow osmanthus clings in the air, heavy, sweet and fragrant." Her sky is often "coral-varnished," "jasper-colored"; her clouds, "burning cinnabarred."

Most curious, and significant, is the contrast between the author's impressive powers of recall where the external world, the minute object, is concerned and the almost deliberate limitation of her emotional recall. Thus she can write: "Sunshine like patches of warm yellow pools, moves from one mat to another, flickering over the painted sliding doors, old cloisonné vases and my mother's gold-lacquered writing set. . . . Slowly the sun is leaving the room. Now it is burning a spot on the polished wood corridor. On the small round tray my miniature tea set lies huddled together. Porcelain cups. . . ."

Yet she will characteristically halt a passage with such soft brushing asides as "I turn away feeling, I don't know exactly why, sad and listless"; "Why it was, I don't know, but I was a very bad child. . . ." "Suddenly, I don't know why, I was frightened." It is not so much that she didn't know why *then*, but that she doesn't know why *now*, or doesn't care to involve herself in such "whys." There is a richness in her evocations of her surroundings and a natural (and therefore not altogether objectionable) fastidiousness in her touching upon her inner life.

Rain and the Feast of Stars does not have the wild scenic line of a novel; it resembles, rather, pearls on a strand. Each chapter, in fact, can be read independently as a *New Yorker*-type "piece." They are not bound by fretfully mounting assumptions, only the delicately recurring theme of change and conflict in modern Oriental life. An early chapter entitled "Doll Festival" brings out this theme in a particularly successful use of understatement. The reader is allowed an implicit suggestion that the docile elder sister who will be married very young to a stranger of her parent's choice is in a predicament —that of being awakened to doubt but too strange to it yet to act upon it.

On the other hand the chapter entitled "Punka" is an example of the weaker aspect of Miss Hatsumi's style. Punka, the doll, is mistakenly picked up during a collection for the poor, because Reiko, immured in the Japanese tradition of feminine modesty is unable to speak up. The incident is introduced as a decisive one in the course of Reiko's breaking with the past, but the suggestion is not carried through. Miss Hatsumi often steals away from her narratives with a vague and dispiriting "dot-dot-dot" conclusion.

In sum, there is too little gradation in the string of pearls. If the book terminates with an emotional crisis it is strictly an implied one. Miss Hatsumi has no flinty insights into her youthful perplexities, only the gentlest of commentaries. But if she is never exciting, she is always pleasing. Hers is obviously not a virtuoso technique; rather it steps unerringly in quietness, succeeds by confining itself—to measured grace and undisturbed consistency.

An Enoch Arden of the Thirties

THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT. By Hugh MacLennan. Scribners. $3.95.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

IT IS A TACIT axiom of our day that where anyone has something big to say a novel waits to be born. A variety of reasons for this might be cited, the most natural perhaps being the fact that through the novel the largest audience, actual and potential, will be reached. Another reason is the rather prevalent assumption that novelists are the only people who really know life: must they not *be* practically everything both in life and in enlarging it. Thinkers are no longer trusted out of category, and the novelist seems to be the only philosopher our world will tolerate.

Hugh MacLennan is a writer with a philosophy, a sincere observer who writes competently of his native Montreal. Yet in this book he gives no assurance of novelistic skill. It does not appear that Mr. MacLennan is merely eager to be called "a novelist"; he rather would seem to be hypnotized by this amazon who is such a complaisant plunderer of form. She has so long offered herself as the most malleable drudge of all literary work that it is felt she will accommodate every type of mind. She is past violating.

George Stewart, the narrator of *The Watch*, is a radio commentator, whose story harks back to the turbulent thirties. It starts off as an Enoch Arden yarn, and though this twist is more an embarrassment than a key to the story, it is a key to the nature of the book.

Jerome Martell is a brilliant surgeon and a dominating personality of rebellious instincts who had gone to Spain and joined the Loyalists; according to official files he had wound up being tortured and killed by the Nazis in the big war. In the interim his wife Catherine had married George, who had always loved her.

Catherine's life has been a daily struggle with incurable heart disease, and George, so much the antithesis of Jerome, failed to make the most of a chance to marry her when they were young. Flashback: during the depression George patches out a living as a provincial schoolmaster, and by the time he attains some

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security Catherine is married to Jerome; but George is accepted like one of the family, and in no time Jerome descries in him a rare political intelligence and recommends him to the CBC. Meanwhile a galaxy of minor characters from pink to vermillion keeps milling on the fringes, trading platitudes which leave no doubt that something is rotten in the establishment. Jerome is the cynosure in all this, and his gravitational pull on the opposite sex is something fearsome. He is not only an uncanny healer but a bit of mentalist with a spiritual Midas touch: everyone looks at him and understands.

Most of the book and the people in it simply ache with purple loquacity. George is so sacrificing, Catherine radiates a nobility that embraces all humankind, Jerome is so all-seeing—and yet so blind. And poor Norah Blackwell, who can't help herself when her lethal attraction proves too much for Jerome. But Jerome has been reborn, otherwise he could not well return from the dead and restore the living. With a chivalry bordering on the indecent the author has showered upon his heroine every conceivable compensation for her cross; not only is she a raving beauty, it is she who pities, she who is needed, she who is loved.

One chapter which tells of Jerome's scarred boyhood in the Canadian wilds stands on its own. Here the author gets a good purchase on drama inherent in all of his material. Elsewhere there are sage and pertinent reflections on the present, the recent but distant past, and the perennial concerns; for the crux of the message is that the human spirit cannot live from moment to moment.

REVIEWERS

Michael Harrington, a regular contributor, writes on political and cultural matters for a number of American journals.

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ART

A Miro Year

ONE OF THE distinctive traits of a first-rate artist, and perhaps the earmark of genius in any field, seems to be a decisive individuality; the measure of success is the authority with which this individuality asserts itself. In the case of Joan Miró, that individuality and authority made its appearance with dramatic suddenness in the year 1923-4 when the Catalan artist was about thirty years old. This fact makes the retrospective exhibit of Miró now at the Museum of Modern Art in N.Y. assume a satisfying dramatic structure. The artist's work starts with a search and a preparation, reveals a theme when he "finds himself," and then develops the range of this theme in rather tightly held variations.

In 1917, when he was studying and working in Barcelona, he produced an oil of his native village, *View of Montroig,* in Cezannesque terms, but a Cezanne whose landscape-architecture writhes. *The Chauffeur* of 1918 is like Van Gogh, but a Van Gogh who is simplified, flip and detached. After he went to Paris in 1919 he began painting in Cubist manner, and while none of these pictures (*Nude With A Violin,* for example) lack a certain "authority" in composition, there is something crude about them, as if the artist resented the prescribed terms; his protest is in Fauvish color, a hangover from his more youthful efforts, that has a brash, unassimilated air.

Before, during and after this period Miró also painted pictures in which meticulous naturalistic details were arranged in schematic patterns, landscapes, still-lifes, and an occasional portrait. Despite the fact that the color in these sometimes has a disrupting influence, they are both the most successful of his early paintings and the ones that provided at least the seed for that sudden bright and marvelous bloom of his distinctive style. *The Farm* (1921-2 oil) is the culmination and the "masterpiece" of this early strain in Miró's art. There is a

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sense of the magic and poetry of things in its stylized proliferation of detail.

Miró has said, "Each grain of sand possesses a marvelous soul. But to understand it, one must find again the religious and magic sense of things." The search for the magic sense of things and the "mystique" of the surrealists (just then making itself felt in the art world of Paris) together apparently provided the élan that finally "liberated" Miró's artistic identity. During 1923-4 he painted *The Tilled Field,* where he suitably "cleared the way" between *The Farm* and *Catalan Landscape (The Hunter).* With this last picture one can say: "Here is Miró!" and the turning-point of his career is reached. *Catalan Landscape* displays a fresh, new authoritative style (as if he had never searched): Miró's artistic vocabulary of signs and symbols, silhouettes and figment-forms, with which he is to ring such marvelous changes during the years to come, are all there; the discreet pink and yellow color that suffuses the canvas is the only thing still tentative about it.

In the 1924 *Harlequin Carneval* and the 1925 *Fratellini* one sees his color take on that crisp fresh and specific quality, that simple and direct emotional impact, that is Miró's color, and that has led Clement Greenberg to say that Miro's art is like a "crystal-clear Mediterranean morning." The artist himself has said that his object is to take down "thought's dictation," and in his painting the "shorthand" images and sensuous color of his private world of fantasy communicate a Mediterranean sort of Wonderland, with sharp contrasts of sun and shade.

The two splendid 1933 oils entitled *Painting,* with their sombre areas of color lit by flashes of white or red and their gold forms (solid or in outline) are the dark side of his visionary world; the delightful, humorous imaginary portraits and such paintings as *Painting-Poem* (the handwriting of the poem is part of the composition), *Woman And Little Girl In Front of the Sun* (dazzlement suggested by scattered eyes), *The Red Disk In Pursuit of the Lark* (bold, bright naiveté) are all sun-lit.

The balance of solid or cut-out forms with odd elastic calligraphy assumes varying proportions during the progress of Miró's work; his emphasis on symbol, or on color, for emotional impact and the firmness or child-like suggestiveness with which he chooses to transcribe his forms—these are variations on the theme of his strong artistic identity. The style and content are inseparable: like those philosophers who coin words exactly to fit concepts Miró's style is freshly-minted to express his "inward vision." In an entry in *The Dictionary of Modern Painting* it is said of Miró that he "holds a place apart in contemporary art. It is not the highest place, but it is the least disputed." It is not a world-empire but it is an absolute kingdom.

This has been called a "Miró year" in the *Art News Annual,* not only because of this fine retrospective showing but because the 1958 Guggenheim International Award was given Miró for his ceramic mural *Night and Day* which now adorns the UNESCO building in Paris. In addition there has been an increasing acknowledgment of Miró's importance as an artist, and a number of new gallery exhibits and books about him. In *Joan Miró: His Graphic Art* (Abrams; text by Sam Hunter) special tribute is paid to his graphics which are said to express a "fervent ideal of communal art."

Whether or not that is accurate, Miró's style is particularly happy in graphic terms, as it also is in the ceramic and textile designs that he has recently been dedicated to. Soon to be published, *The Miró Atmosphere* (Wittenborn) is devoted principally to the artist's "individuality" and has a preface by J. J. Sweeney, whose *Joan Miró* (Museum of Modern Art. 1941) is one of the best statements on this painter. Further, a gala album of gouache reproductions called *Constellations* (Matisse) offers Miró together with "prose parallels" by the French surrealist poet André Breton. BETTY KAUFMAN.

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Then and Now

Now, as there were in 1948, there are reasons for deep concern over a Soviet blockade of Berlin.

There are no new elements in the Berlin combination. The Allies can retreat from their zone only to betrayal and to a greater certainty of disaster. The position in Berlin cannot be abstracted from the condition of Germany, and Germany is a necessary core of Europe. It is Russia which threatens aggressively to obtain a new situation in Berlin, in Germany, in Europe. The part of the Western Governments is to hold and to live. One challenge only can we legitimately be accused of making to the Soviets: that the countries of the West be allowed to live in the same world as the communist states, and that history decide the issue without the intervention now of our generation's chaotic powers of destruction.

Our Government must not loose the destruction. We ought not make a fetish of face, nor even insist upon reasonable and mature manners of dealing. (If we matched provocations, God knows, the war would have burst long ago.) There are still ambassadors exchanged throughout the world, and the UN can still be convoked . . . Before that bruited convoy goes into Berlin shooting, we hope most sincerely that our Governments will ask the Russians more about their hinted ideas of feeding the parts which must remain, without debates and deals and appeasement, the French, British and American sectors of Berlin.

And before any final test of the Russian policy and decision, are we not obligated by every variety of consideration to test first the capacities and opportunities of the United Nations organizations? Meanwhile, we must pray that Russia has not frozen on war now, and will not, in the press of her policy, attack the armies and air forces and navies and peoples of the countries resolved that they shall not submit to the slavery of her evil regime. . . .

—The Commonweal, July 30, 1948

The Berlin crisis precipitated by the demands of Nikita Khrushchev remains critical—and the time for Western decisions is rapidly running out. The exact means by which Mr. Khrushchev intends to secure his policy only he knows, and whether he always knows may legitimately be questioned, for he seems as changeable as a small boat in a tricky wind. Despite his twists and turns, however, his immediate goal seems only too apparent. He hopes to wrest effective control of West Berlin from the Western powers, or, if that proves too difficult, to gain concessions from them by negotiating away the immediate crisis he has provoked.

This probing, challenging action fits neatly into the pattern of Soviet-Western relations which has developed over the last many years. It is a pattern which includes the very division of Germany and Berlin, the battle of Korea, the attacks on Quemoy and Matsu, and much violence and unrest in countries of the Middle East. In spite of this pattern, which allows the West to anticipate, in some measure, the strategic attacks of the Soviet, the present challenge finds the Western powers at once firm and unprepared. The individual powers of the NATO alliance are firm in the conviction that West Berlin is of immense importance to West Germany and to the over-all welfare and prestige of her allies. They mean to resist the Communist desire to absorb West Berlin into the satellite of East Germany. The uncertainty of the NATO powers is only too evident, however, when the discussion turns to the means by which the firm resistance is to be shown. . . .

Negotiations at the summit now seem to be the most desirable of the possibilities. If they materialize, it would be well if President Eisenhower's vigorous leadership were informed not only by the experience of our allies but by the most imaginative, thoughtful proposals of our national leaders.

—The Commonweal, March 27, 1959

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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